

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

The things I fail to think of
When I'm needing bright replies
Have always been a source to me
Of deep, regretful sighs.
It's ever been that when it seemed
I might have been a wit,
My mind has always lagged until
Too late to make a hit.

Bill Smith will say, "Your brain
is like
A sheep's brain—on the dead."
Now I should answer, "Bah!" of
course.

I don't at all; instead
I make some commonplace reply
That has no point at all,
For something always seems to
cause
My think machine to stall.

It's ever thus; I'm worried, too;
Suppose the King of Spain
Should say: "Old pal, you're
looking fine."
It drives me near insane
To think that I would hem and
haw
And answer, "So are you."
Now wouldn't that be asinine?
I don't know what to do.

OBSERVATIONS.

They don't punish women for smoking
on the streets of Weehawken,
N. J. It's punishment enough.
If all the dancing teachers were
beautiful steppers like Maggie Wals,
we'd take a few lessons ourselves.
New York society women are de-
manding beer and light wines. Now
let us society men get together and
take a similar stand.

Roselle, N. J., has appointed an of-
ficial cat-catcher. He is a gentle fel-
low who smears the cats by calling
"Here, kitty, kitty!"
At a hog-calling contest in Virginia
a native won by yelling "Oo-ee,
haw!" In Kansas the best hog-
callers use "Soo-ee, pig, pig, pig!"
Personally we prefer the Kansas call.

TAXICAB TESSIE.

(The story of a taxi who stole her
driver's lover.)
Tessie was restless, so she
hung by her toes from the chan-
dellier. This, though quite a feat
athletically, was considered a bit
out of place by those who looked
on. Had she leaped over the
table, none would have wondered,
but to see her actually hang by
her toes was disconcerting.
Today Allen, the handsome
fellow, knew women. For fifteen
years he had kept company with
them, but never had he spoken a
harsh word to a lady. Therefore
when he saw Tessie hanging by
her toes he merely stepped up
and said:
"Very sweet of you, dear!"
Tessie dropped to a hand-stand
and then did a spring, landing on
her feet.
"I cannot be interviewed now,"
she explained. "I am to take a

POEMS OF PREFERENCE.

Willie Condemus, a New York sport
who says he tries to emulate Old
McIntyre's style of dress, is out after
a wife, also the pigeon-toed soup
fork offered as a prize in this contest.
His rhyme follows:
Say Dad, have you any nice girls to
spare?
How about one with nice brown hair,
Who'll cheer me when I have the blues
And see that I get my regular snooze?
She must drive me around in my old
dingbat,
And pump up the tires when they go
flat;
She must have lots of money and
throw it at me.
Ain'tcher got none like that? Oh,
pshaw! Hully gee!

singing lesson from Antoine de
Lapala-day. He is a singer of
great renown.

Toady didn't believe it. Instead
of applauding, he went to the
kitchen, returning a moment
later with a fish sandwich and a
hopeful look.

"I am sorry to have to do this,"
he said, as he bit into the sand-
wich.

A panel in the wall slid back
and out stepped the Interborough
Glee Club.

"Kukoo!" said the leader.
He appeared to want to flirt
with Tessie.

"What shall we render?" he
asked merrily.
"Render yourself invisible,"
snapped Tessie.
Old Hank Johnson, the janitor,
came in, laughing.
"I just hit a bulldog," he said.
(To be continued.)

A Rhymed Roar.

Leo Meyerwitz of No. 269 Lincoln
Avenue, Brooklyn, is mad. A clock
that wasn't right caused him to miss
a train the other day, and when he
finally reached Trenton, the town he
was heading for, he wrote a rhyme
something like this:

I think there ought to be a law
enacted by the State whereby a
certain type of folks would meet
an awful fate. The man who, in
his window a big timepiece does
display, that folks may there con-
sult it as they pass it day by day,
should be compelled by penalty
to keep the darn thing right or
else be shot at sunrise if not the
previous night. I missed a train
by trusting a clock thus on dis-
play. Oh, hoity-toity doodle! Ta
ra ra bum de aye!

This Woman Thinks.

Mrs. Oscar Moch is always so-
cially correct. Whenever she gives
a tea she serves T-bone steaks, as
atmosphere.—Wellsville Optic.

AND NOW PERMIT US
to inform you that I. Hunt Willis
is an attorney at law at East
Downington, Pa.

About Plays and Players

WILLIE and Eugene Howard, in
"The Passing Show of 1922,"
will begin an engagement at
the Winter Garden in a few weeks.
Among those who will appear in the
supporting company is George Has-
sell, the clumsy comedian, who has
been abroad. This "Passing Show"
will be the tenth of the series.
It will be the thirty-fourth Winter Gar-
den production. J. J. Shubert
will supervise the staging of the new
show. The book and lyrics will be by
Harold Atteridge and the music by
Sigmund Romberg and Alfred Goos-
man. J. C. Huffman is conducting
the rehearsals, with Allan K. Foster
directing the dances.

"SWIFTY" IN OCTOBER.

William A. Brady has decided to
present "Swiftly" in "Swiftly" in
New York in October. In this com-
edy by John Peter Tooney and Walter
Percival, Mr. Hamilton, it is said, has
scored a personal success as great as
that he attained in "Get Rich Quick
Wallington."

WELL, MEBBE SHE DID.

Theresa Murray, secretary to Mar-
jorie Rameau of "The Golfish,"
was married in Seattle yesterday to
Stewart Bahr. Comes the Shubert
press man with the statement that
Miss Rameau heard the ceremony
over the telephone. Isn't that carry-
ing a joke too far?

HE'D PAY FOR PROOF.

Waggy O'Neil is back in New York.
While in the customs office in Lon-
don recently arranging for her pas-
sage, a middle-aged couple preceded

her. The customs official asked the
man if the woman was his wife. The
answer was in the affirmative.

"Have you any proof?" asked the
official.
"Why, no!"
"Too bad!" mused the official
doubtfully.

"Say," the man whispered, "if you
can prove she ain't my wife you can
name your own reward!"

GOSSIP.

Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield
opened in "The Blushing Bride" at
Stamford last night.

Florence Browne returned to the
cast of "Spice of 1922" at the Winter
Garden last night.

Billy Shaw has been engaged to
head a new revue at Murray's Roman
Gardens, opening Monday.

Harriet Gimble, who is a tiny
comedian, has been engaged for
"The Greenwich Village Follies."

Skeet Gallagher, formerly in "Up
in the Clouds," is in Proctor vaude-
ville with Irene Martin.

"Guess Who" is the title of the new
Frederic Isham farce which A. G.
Delamater will produce.

J. W. Mayer, Manager of the Lib-
erty Theatre, will return from Europe
in time to see "Molly Darling" open
at his house.

Orlando's Sixty Trained Horses ar-
rived from Europe yesterday. They
will be in the new Hippodrome show.
Mitti et Tillio, French dancers, will
reach New York to-day to appear in
Keith Vaudeville.

Jersey City is sending six pairs of
expert dancers to the Terrace Garden
Dance Palace to-morrow afternoon to
participate in the popular applause

JOE'S CAR

THE MYSTERY
DEEPENS—
JOE IS STILL
UNABLE TO UNLOCK
THE IGNITION ON
THE CAR HE
BOUGHT FROM
THE QUEER
ACTING STRANGER—
AND HE CAN'T
FIGURE OUT WHO
SOCKED HIM FOR
A GOAL—
?????



IT WAS RIGHT HERE I GOT THAT
WALLOP—GEE WHAT A SOAK!
ED'S RIGHT—A GOOD DETECTIVE
COULD BE ABLE TO FIGURE
THIS THING
OUT!



IT'S
GONE!



AS I SUSPECTED!
I SEE IT ALL NOW—
IT'S THE CAR—YOU CAN'T
PROVE YOU OWN IT—WAIT—
THINGS WILL DEVELOP
FAST—I WILL BE
ON TH' JOB!!!



A CLUE—
BUT NO
NEARER TO
A SOLUTION—
WE SEE
PHIL
FERRET
THE
DETECTIVE
ON THE
CASE—
?

CONTINUED

THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



OH! TH'
POOR LIL'
POOCH!



I DES SEEN
MRS NEXDOORS
LIL' PET POODLE
RUN OVER BY
AN AUTO!



OMY! SHELL
BE HEART-
BROKEN!



YES!



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



BAW-W!
THAT SPANKIN'
HURT!



I WANTED IT TO
HURT. I WANTED
IT TO TEACH THAT
FACE OF YOURS NOT
TO MAKE SHOTS AT
BOBBIE



I'LL USE IT
IF IT WORKS



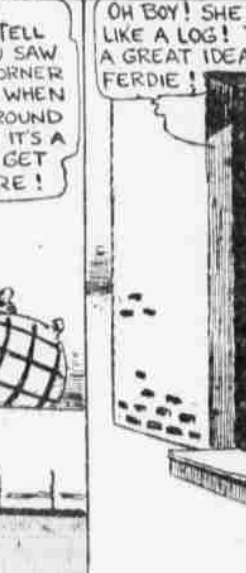
A-H-H-H-H



KATINKA



NO USE TRYIN' ANY MORE
SCHEMES TO GET MYSELF
FIRED—NOTHIN' EVER
WORKS!



LISTEN! YOU KNOW HOW
JEALOUS WIVES ARE! TELL
MRS GESSITT THAT YOU SAW
HER HUSBAND IN THE CORNER
CAFÉ WITH A BLONDE. WHEN
SHE RUSHES AROUND
AN' FINDS OUT IT'S A
JOKE YOU'LL GET
FIRED SURE!



OH BOY! SHE FELL FOR IT
LIKE A LOG! THAT WAS
A GREAT IDEA,
FERDIE!



THE DECEITFUL
WEASEL!



BEAUTIFUL BAB



BAB-ARE YOU
SENDIN' BERTIE
AN INVITE FOR
THIS PARTY YOU'RE
GIVIN' FOR YOUR
COUSIN
YVONNE?



NO-HE'S TOO
CONCEITED-I
DON'T WANT
HIM AROUND



WELL-YOU CAN'T TRUMP
THIS-I GOTTA SEE BAB
RIGHT AWAY



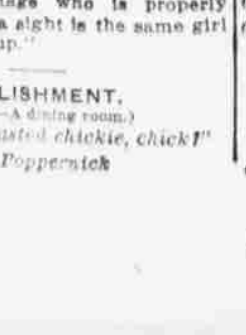
WUZAMATTER
BERTIE?



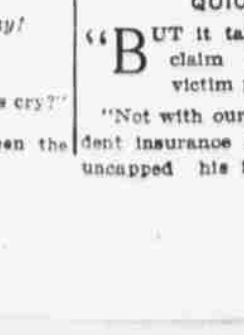
Bertie Is Well Satisfied With Himself!



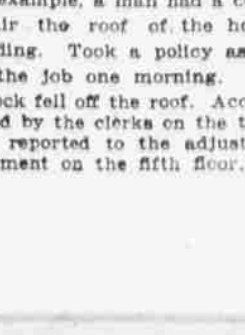
I DIDN'T SEND
YOU ANY-WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK I INVITED
YOU?



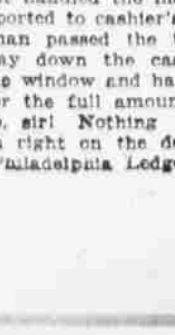
BAB-I SEE I'M INVITED
TO YOUR PARTY-BUT
I DIDN'T GET MY
INVITATION YET



WELL IT SAYS IN THE PAPER
'ALL THE POPULAR YOUNGER'
SET WILL BE ON HAND



MURRAY
YOUNG



waltz and one-step contest. These
contests are held Sunday afternoons
and Tuesday and Thursday nights.
Country store affairs are held Wednes-
day nights.

Jersey City is sending six pairs of
expert dancers to the Terrace Garden
Dance Palace to-morrow afternoon to
participate in the popular applause

girl on the stage who is properly
made up; and a sight is the same girl
while making up.

FOOLISHMENT.
(Scene—A dining room.)
"Have some roasted chicken, chick!"
"A vision," said Ruth Gates, "is a
Asked old Dr. Poppernick

Of a pretty girl one day.
Oh, how playful! Oh, how gay!

PUT IT IN THE ACT.
"Did you know that chimneyeys cry?"
"No. Do they?"
"Sure! Have you never seen the
chimney sweep?"

QUICK WORK.
"BUT it takes so long to get a
claim paid," the cornered
victim protested weakly.
"Not with our company!" the ac-
cident insurance agent declared as he
uncapped his fountain pen. "Why,

for example, a man had a contract to
repair the roof of the home office
building. Took a policy as he went
on the job one morning. About 10
o'clock fell off the roof. Accident was
noted by the clerks on the tenth floor
and reported to the adjustment de-
partment on the fifth floor. Adjust-

ment department handled the matter
as usual and reported to cashier's of-
fice. As the man passed the third
floor on his way down the cashier
leaned out of the window and handed
him a check for the full amount of
his policy. No, sir! Nothing slow
about us. Sign right on the dotted
line please!"—Philadelphia Ledger.